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Grounded

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Grounded

Bill Elgersma

Somewhere,
in the middle of taking off and landing,
arriving and departing,
I have stopped.

The wind still blows
but the land does not move.
The earth spins
but nothing falls off.
My mind tumbles
but my head is fixed.

The flux so proudly borne
a semi-solid of change to ideas and circumstance,
issue and personality
is hardening.
Bald guys and dead women
frame concepts
establish roots in my vision
while landscape and temperature
temper decisions.

Time was
when ideologies
like new barns,
fresh fences, young groves
were neat and strong and organized,
saw futures, planned lives.

Now
weathered, leaning,
worn by relentless encounters on this wind-swept plain,
too busy, too middle-aged
to straighten.
Content to patch and make do,
I prop and wire and nail
but not construct.

And I wonder,
like the builders of the ramshackle homesteads
too far from town to be inhabited,
when it is time to abandon,
And move in.